DENMARK D.Kr. 22.50 ITALY Lire 3000 GERMANY Dm 10.90 HOLLAND Fl. 8.25 FINLAND Mkk 12.50 SPAIN Ptas 200 $3.25

85p

KNAVE

VOLUME 14 NUMBER 3

BACKSTAGE AT A SWEDISH SEX-SHOW

SNAKE-CHARMING LOLITA 50-24-36

ACID INSULTS AND FAMOUS PUT-DOWNS

AN ABC TO D.I.Y.

PLUS

THE MATURE CHARM OF ANNETTE JOHNSON

Alison Collins

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID PAUL

KNAVE'S AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH

Alison is a smashing lady, and so say all of us. And Romford, Essex, is a very lucky place. She arrived, quiet but self-possessed, and was shown into the studio. A coffee and a chat to break the ice. Expert advice from Dean, our lovely make-up lady, who enthused about Alison's eyes. David Paul fussed over his lights and Henry made last minute adjustments to the set he'd built the day before. At last we were ready. Alison was still quiet and perhaps nervous, but she relaxed more and more as her clothes came off — getting sexier and sexier. Her small, secretive smile spoke volumes and when she closed her eyes she *didn't* think of England. And she said she felt even sexier afterwards, when she thought of all the thousands of men who would be admiring her photos. Then she smiled goodbye and went out of our lives for ever. But at least we still have these photos to remind us of a very sweet — and sexy — girl.

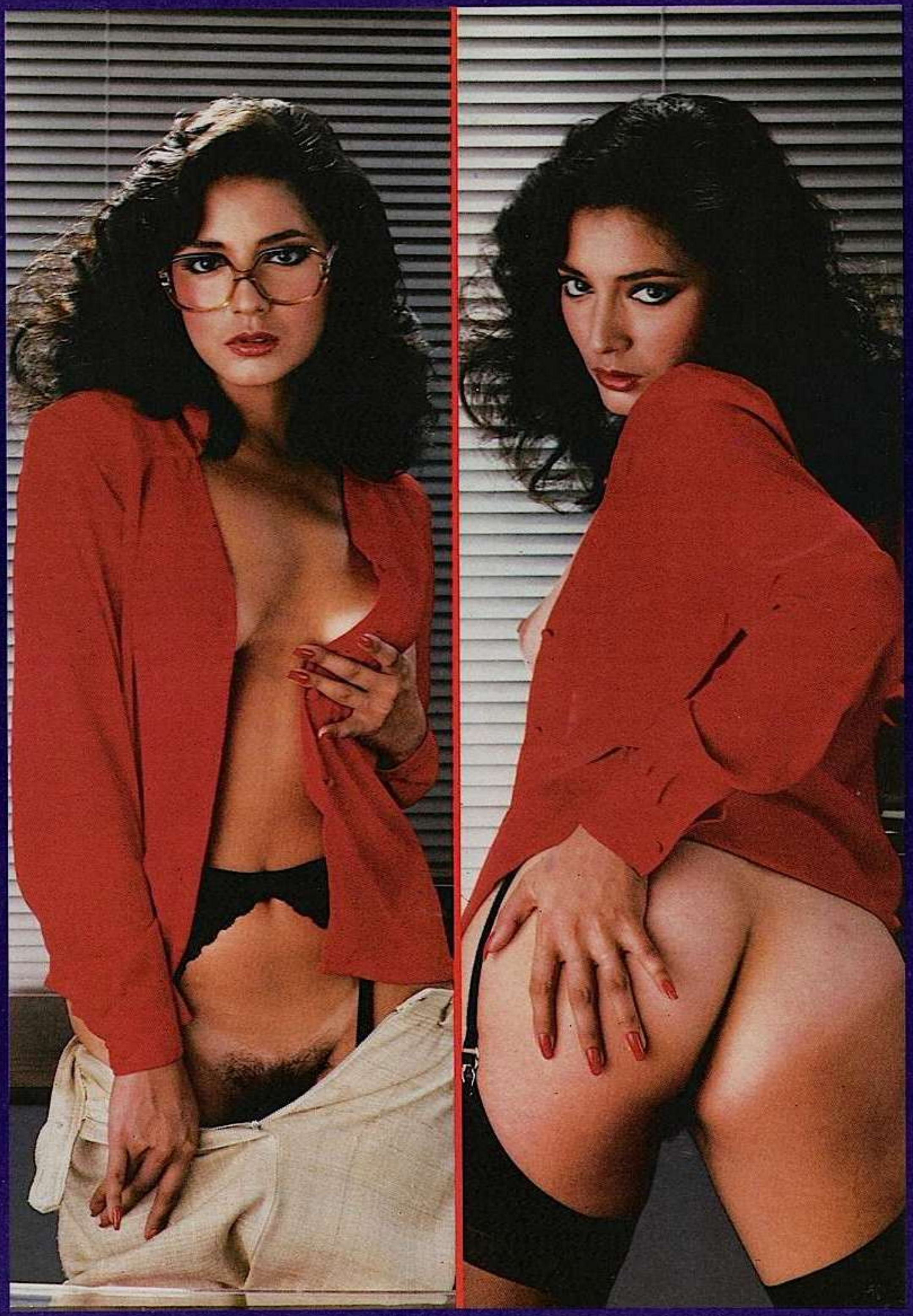
A STAR FOR A DAY

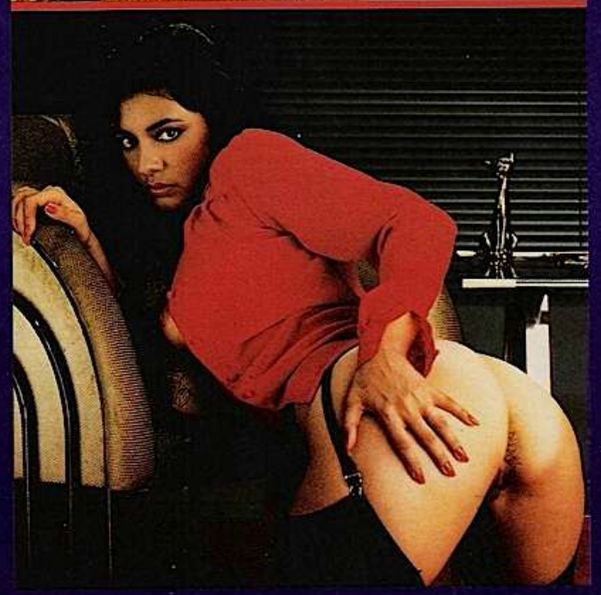
Experience a little glamour under the lights and prove you're as good as our other models. As our Amateur Model of the Month you'll be the star of a photo-session shot by a professional photographer in a fully equipped studio — and with a top make-up artist in attendance. So come on girls, send us three recent pictures of yourself (preferably nude) with your name and address included. Your modelling fee will be £150 — and there's a further £25 for the enterprising photographer who brings you to our attention. Let's hear from you **now.**

AMI

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN HICKS

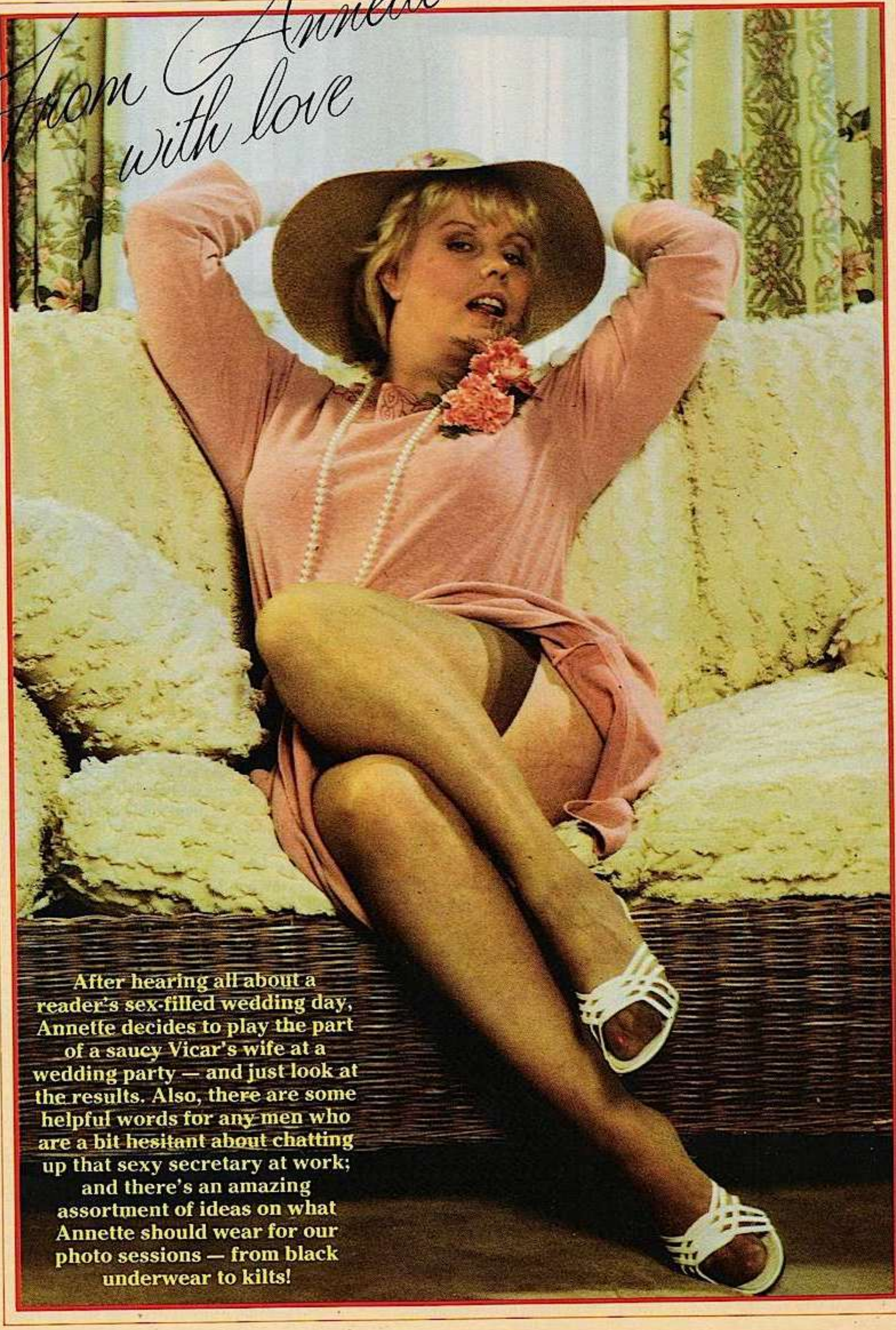
Ami is everybody's favourite secretary.
Except perhaps with the other secretaries. And she's certainly very popular with Joe, her boss.
She didn't actually go to college, but she knows exactly how a secretary should behave.
Dictation should always be taken whilst sitting upon the boss's knee, she can do over a hundred words a minute (talking) and is thinking of learning to type.
But where Ami really scores, where she comes into her own (as it were) is in the little alternative coffee breaks she arranges for Joe in the company flat. Lobster thermidor on brown bread, to go. Torrid passion on white sheets, to come.
But not today. Joe has been called away to an important meeting to discuss the chairman's golfing weekend, and poor Ami has been left with a miserable little memo, putting her off until lunchtime. Stranded, washed up on the shores of unrequited lust, burning with dark desires and all that stuff — what can the poor girl do? What else — start without him.





AMI KNAVE MAGAZINE

From Annette with love



After hearing all about a reader's sex-filled wedding day, Annette decides to play the part of a saucy Vicar's wife at a wedding party — and just look at the results. Also, there are some helpful words for any men who are a bit hesitant about chatting up that sexy secretary at work; and there's an amazing assortment of ideas on what Annette should wear for our photo sessions — from black underwear to kilts!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID PAUL

"Dear Annette,

I like weddings because they make me so sexy", writes Jane Leonore from Gravesend. "It sounds silly, I know, but something that turns me on very much is the thought of two people who love each other, standing in front of the Vicar, with all the pomp and ceremony of the occasion — just waiting to take off their clothes and go to bed as man and wife! I can't help wondering what she's thinking as the usual questions are asked? When the Vicar says: 'Do you take this man. . . .?' is she thinking of him astride her in between the silk sheets of the bridal bed, putting his magnificent dick, full of pride, right up her? And what kind of underwear has she got on underneath the virginally white wedding gown?

Before we married Alec said to me: 'I don't care about all the dirty jokes the crowd will make at the reception, I am going to have you as we go to change, before we come down to leave for the honeymoon, so wear something very specially sexy, darling, just for me, underneath your wedding dress'. I knew he had a thing about Eggshell Blue, because when we were going to the pictures in Rochester he stopped and looked at a poster for some film which had the star dressed in a triangle of that colour, with white boots, and a bra to match.

So a week before the wedding I went up to London to buy various things and, on impulse, went into a shop full of sexy lingerie in Shaftesbury Avenue. There, in real silk, was a set of Eggshell Blue bra and G-string briefs. Although Alec was just 25 when we got married, he really belongs to that generation of men who prefer stockings to tights. I purchased two pairs of tan nylons, the ones with seams running down the back of the legs!

On the wedding morning I locked my bedroom door while I nervously pulled out the sexy underset from a drawer. Butterflies began to stir in my tum as I pulled on the G-string and looked at myself in the mirror. I had never worn one before, but I was delighted at how sexy I felt. Next, I put on the half-cup bra. The silk was already doing things to my skin. It was almost like having Alec actually touch me, and when I began to roll on the stockings with their straight backed seams I felt more like playing with myself than going to my wedding!

"I felt so sexy — when I began to roll on the stockings with their straight backed seams I felt like playing with myself!"

From then on I sailed through the ceremonies with an excited flush, which everyone else thought was a maidenly blush. After the usual silly speeches Alec and I left the Wedding Breakfast to go upstairs at the hotel to change. When we were alone, he bolted the door and pulled me to him, undoing my wedding gown at the neck until it fell over my shoulders and away down my thighs. I stood there in only my head-dress, and this really sexy outfit. 'I'm sorry about no white boots, but are these heels high enough?' I teased him. I nearly passed out with passion when he slipped out of his clothes and pointed an enormous erection at me. He rubbed it against my crotch with only the satin between us. We made fantastic love — no, *lust*. He had me twice in twenty minutes, before we left for Dover to start our honeymoon."

Jane's letter set me thinking about my next picture set for you. I'm not ready to do a wedding gown sequence just yet, but I recalled the story, about 1965 I think it was, about the Vicar's young, pretty wife, who got into trouble from the jealous cats in his parish because of her liking for mini skirts. The old gossips didn't suggest anything immoral, but their noses were put out of joint to see a healthy, attractive, young girl who also just happened to be the wife of their

Vicar. It was their own dirty minds that made the story, not the wife, and certainly not the vicar!

Anyhow, I suggested to David, our Managing Editor, that I ought to do some sexily demure 'Vicar's wife at a wedding' photographs, and here they are! I echoed Jane Leonore's sexy thoughts as I posed for the photos too! Yes, doing the set turned me on and I almost thought about getting married for a moment. But how could I? I have so many boyfriends now — the readers of Knave.

"Dear Annette,

I am a divorced man of 47. My wife and I split up after a lot of rows two years ago, and we now never see each other — I'm glad to say. The trouble is, I've got out of the habit of meeting people. I know a few blokes at the pub and there are the people at work of course, but I would really like to meet girls, women rather, somewhere in the evenings.

There is a secretary at work I fancy a lot and she's very friendly and flirty. But the trouble is she's the same with all the men, so I don't think it means anything. Besides, she's in her early 20s and I can't see her wanting to go with a man my age. Is there any point in me asking her out, do you think? Or would I be wasting my time?

Eric, Norwich."

Yes there is and no you wouldn't, in that order. It can be hard to get back into the swing of things, especially if, as I suspect, you have been with the same person for a long time. However the secret is to force yourself. Don't make excuses for not going out — go out and put yourself about. Even the pub could lead to meeting someone; your mates have wives and daughters, who know other girls . . . and so on. But probably your best bet is the office — and perhaps that secretary.

"He bolted the door and pulled me to him, undoing my wedding gown at the neck until it fell away down my thighs."

If she takes the trouble to be friendly and to flirt with you, then she likes you. That's half the battle. Don't worry that she flirts with all the other men, I'm sure you don't only smile at the girls you fancy!

The thing you have to find out is, does she more than just like you, does she fancy you? There's no reason why she shouldn't. Many girls prefer older men and most women are attracted to them at one time or another.

An older man can bring security, emotional as well as financial, plus a mature and interesting personality. So don't worry about the age gap. The main thing to consider is how you are going to ask her out? Well, the secret is not to rush it.

See if you can approach her through some excuse at work; could she type some letters for you, look up an address or just help you with your job? Then say how grateful you are for her help and that you'd like to buy her a drink. *Don't* insist you buy her one there and then, she might genuinely want to go with you but have another appointment. Be firm about the drink, but let her decide on the place and time. That way she won't feel under any pressure.

It's rather like a technique an old boyfriend of mine used to use. He'd go to the local dancehall early on, walk up to the prettiest girl(s) and say, 'Hey you're nice, how about having a dance with me later on?' It was that 'later on' that did it. The girls felt it would be churlish to turn down such a relaxed, casual offer — and it gave him an easy approach later on in the evening. By which time any girl who really fancied him would be on tenterhooks by the time he strolled over for his dance, and would go out of her way to keep him there. Clever sod!

Well Eric, why don't you try your own

version. Leave it a few days and say, 'How about that drink?' — nice and casually. If she says no, forget it — but you haven't lost any face. If she says yes, you *might* be lucky. As long as you don't rush into it, let her go at her own pace. Ask her about herself, people love to talk about themselves and think you are a 'good listener' because of it. Don't talk about yourself for hours, wait to be asked and don't tell all your best stories at once. And if things are going well, say something like, 'This is fun, how about another drink some time — by the way what do you do with your evenings?' By now you should be getting either a green or a red light. I hope it's green, Eric. And even if it isn't, I'm sure there are lots of other secretaries.

I have good news for Brian of Colchester and another Eric, this time of Scarborough. Brian writes:

"Dear Annette,

Nothing would please me more than to see you dressed in black bra, black suspender belt and black, fully fashioned stockings — especially with tall, wicked heels in them. You should wear high, sling back shoes as well. This would be terrific and really would make you the girl of my dreams."

Eric adds: "Black is the sexiest colour of them all and black underwear never ceases to get me excited. And although it's supposed to be common I think a black bra under a white or pale top is very attractive."

I know what you mean but can't quite agree with that last sentiment. But be sure to get the next issue because, as well as all the black lingerie already mentioned I'll be wearing a black dress, slit very high at the thigh, and black gloves too. In fact I've acted out a favourite fantasy of my own in the next

"Nothing would please me more than to see you dressed in black bra, black suspender belt and black, fully fashioned stockings."

photo session and I hope you're going to like it because . . . there's a film of me in the same outfit! We've only just shot it so I don't have any details, but it could be available very soon.

Since I invited you to suggest how I could pose for you, the Knave offices have been passing on a never ending stream of suggestions, not all of them either printable or performable — but some very funny indeed, you wicked lot! Seriously, my thanks to Graham from Oldham who prefers brown stockings with a black suspender belt, Peter from the Highlands who suggests I'd look great in a kilt (not a bad idea) and Derek from Bridgwater who wants me to shave for you all. Well Derek, I can only say that although I thoroughly enjoyed the sensation when I tried it with a very close friend once — it's just too uncomfortable when the hair grows back. So I'll have to pass on that one.

Finally, Brian from Reading has written me a four page letter of utter devotion which, as he says himself, 'is too long to print.' He has the courage to write of his love for me in such honest terms that they make me blush. He also begs for a personal answer and even suggests a get-together!

Brian, I'm sorry love but I just can't do either. I can't promise anyone a personal reply and as for the get-together, well . . . It sounds marvellous, the way you describe it, but my boyfriend would go bananas, and you have no idea how many offers I would have to respond to!

Keep your letters rolling in. Even if I can't reply, I do read them all. And I'll promise you an honest answer every time — plus a shoulder to cry on and perhaps some pointed advice to go with it.

All my love,
See you next month,
Annette.

KEEP IN TOUCH. . .

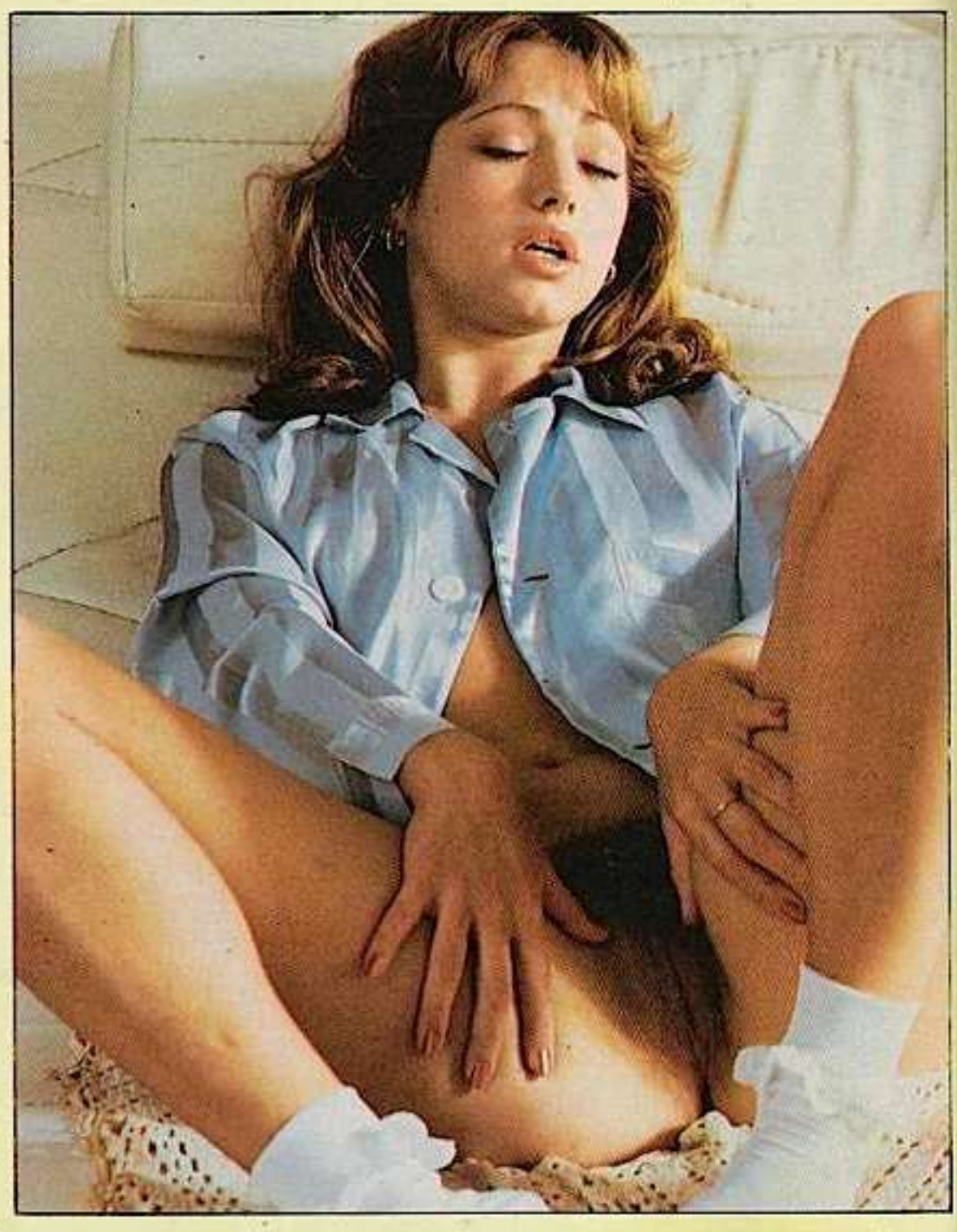
As I always remind you, my column couldn't survive without your help. So please write — on any topic — and I'll try to reply through the magazine. Apologies for not being able to reply personally. Write to: Annette Johnson, c/o Knave, Hermit Place, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT. Looking forward to hearing from you. . .

ANNIE

It may be four in the afternoon, but Annie is still in bed. "What's the point of getting up when there's nothing to get up for? Especially when I've got company in bed!" She gazes at you languorously, almost as though she is inviting you to provide that company. "Oh, yes, I had someone here last night, but I think I scared him off this morning when I told him about doing these photos. Then I sort of started to get dressed — but I only got as far as this shirt. I wish I could remember which boyfriend left it here. Oh, and of course, my socks. I always put them on first. One of my boyfriends likes to take photos of me wandering around the house wearing absolutely nothing but these socks. Don't you like them?"

Sorry, Annie. We weren't looking at the socks.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRIAN ANDERSON



Catherine

PHOTOGRAPHED BY R.B. KANE

Her cool sex appeal owes nothing to powder and paint. No need for preening and pouting. She just has to look at you with those wide, innocent eyes — and the adrenalin zips through your system like a flash flood.

How can a girl reveal so much and yet retain such an air of mystery?

We met Catherine, briefly, just before these photos were taken. Even without the professional make-up and sexy lighting, we just knew. . .she has something very special going for her.

She didn't say much, but what she did say was very much to the point. The Case of the Editor's Coat, for instance.

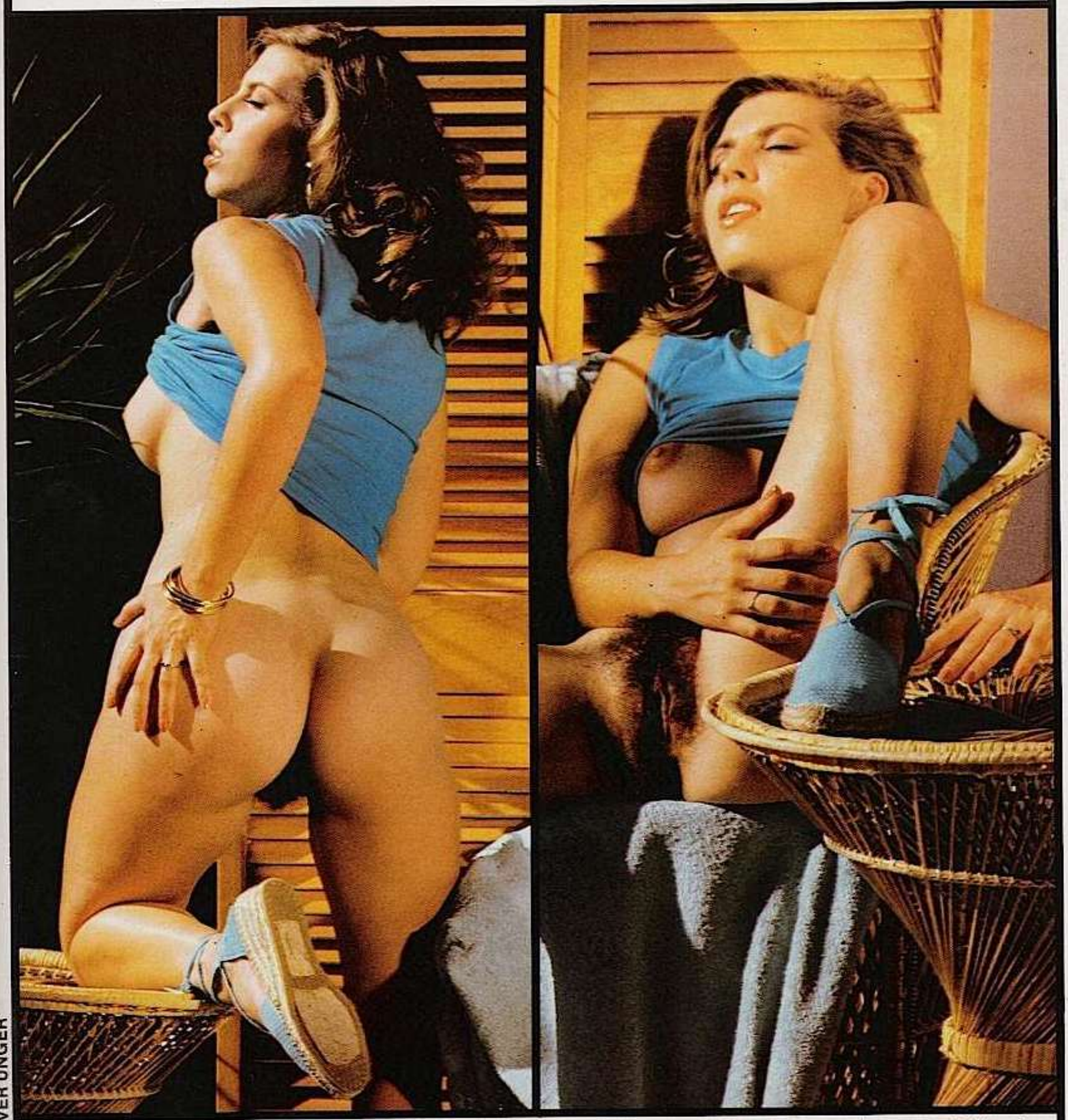
He was wearing an old one because (he said) his best one was at the cleaners. Catherine muttered, not quite quietly enough, that it looked like her dog's basket. Collapse of all concerned. The Editor has not worn this coat since.

We were lucky to meet her at all, really. R.B. Kane is a high flying Californian photographer who rarely visits this country. But when he does, he says

'Hi!' to his good buddies at the Knave offices — and on this occasion he had Catherine in tow. He'd met her in a dingy disco the night before. She had invested the place with an aura it didn't deserve and he'd immediately experienced an overwhelming desire to. . .to. .photograph her! Strangely moved by this weird reaction to her charms, Catherine agreed. Whether or not she expected him to fly her to L.A. as part of the deal, we don't know. But she didn't seem disappointed to find that the studio he'd hired was in a dreary part of the City. Indeed she seemed to view the whole thing as a harmless piece of fun, a way of humouring this obviously mad American — and earning a few bob on the side.

The fact remains that Catherine does look charmingly. . .well, carnal! He has perfectly captured an expression that offers a surrender and a challenge all at once. Photographically, they were made for each other. As R.B. always says; "I like my models to look clean and think dirty!" And that's Catherine all over.

ISABELLA

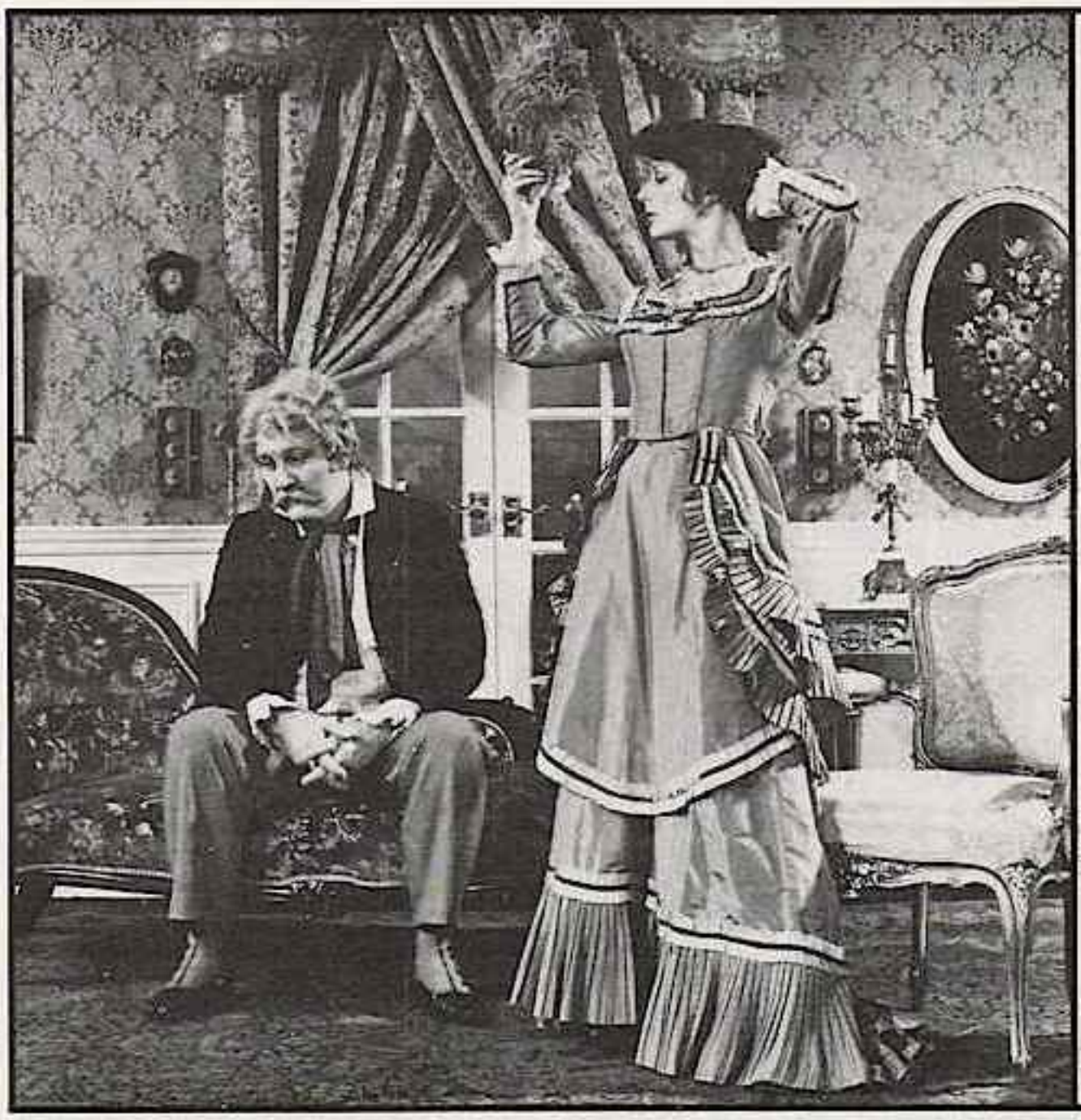


PHOTOGRAPHED BY OLIVER UNGER

"No, the 's' is soft," she purrs. "I*th*abella. True Spanish style." Funny, though, when you're trying to talk to this sexy Spanish lady as she disrobes, it sure is difficult to concentrate on something as mundane as pronunciation.

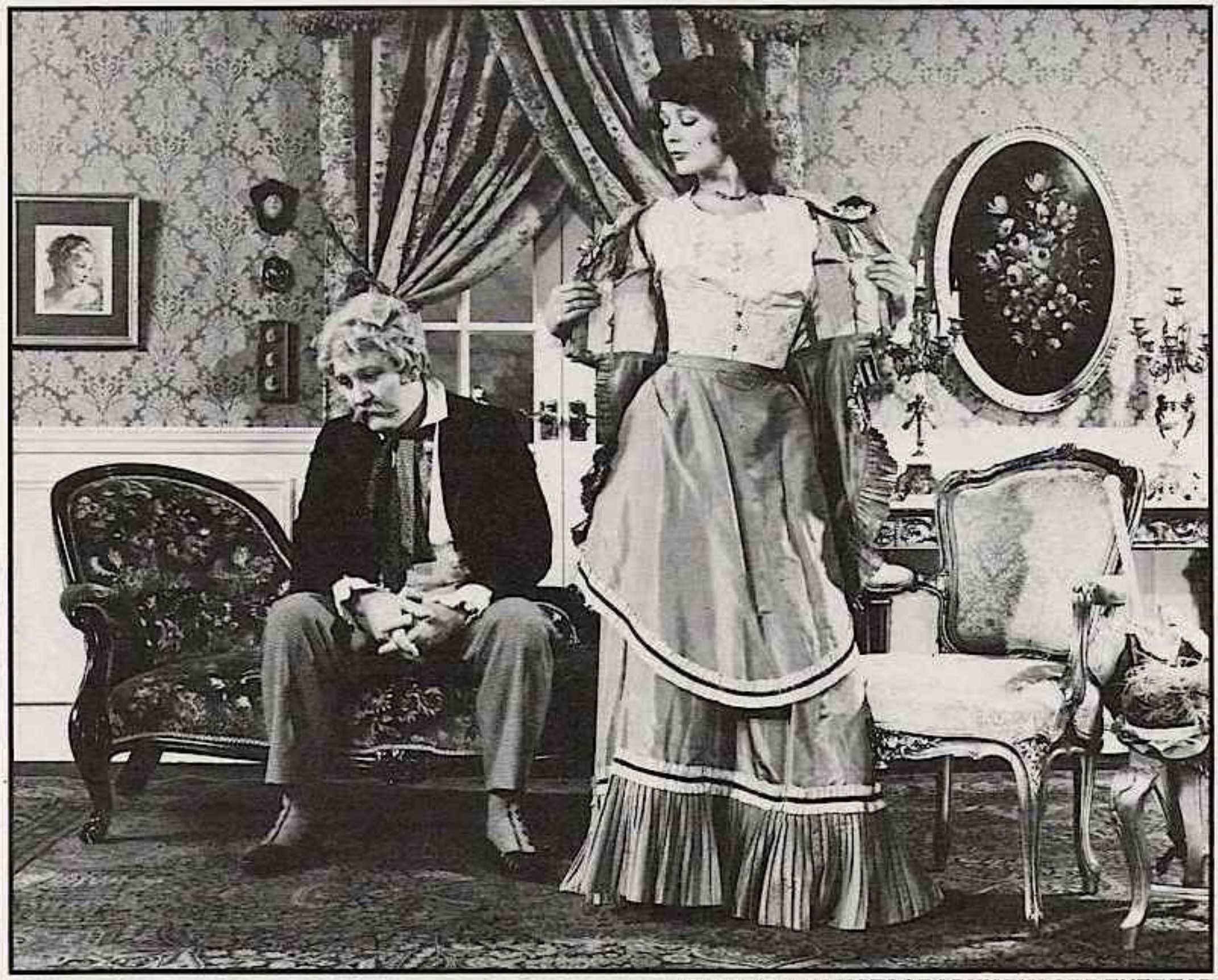
She pauses, with the bottom half of her clothing scattered around the room. "I tell you, I hope none of my relatives at home in San Sebastian get to see these pictures. I'd be in disgrace, they're very strict, you know. Before I left home they wouldn't let me go out with a boy without a chaperone until I was twenty-one. Can you imagine? All that frustration! But, I did manage to sneak away sometimes and get together with my boyfriends. There were ways. . ."

She smiled enigmatically and her thoughts seemed to wander for a while. "I learned a lot, you know, in those secret meetings. And now that I'm here I can enjoy myself without feeling guilty about it. And I'm still learning. . ."



The Lady Undresses

". . .sit right there your lordship and you'll soon get your breath back you're right it is very warm in here excuse me while I slip out of these nasty warm clothes into my birthday suit not that I've ever done this sort of thing before but you did explain it so well about only living once and enjoying ourselves while we can and the fiver helped a lot you don't say much do you oh I feel so warm inside - at the thought of your cruel eyes gloating over my defenceless nakedness I dare not meçt your masterful gaze just one more stocking are you stiff yet take me take me I'm yours utterly yours shriek yell howl scream what are you doing after the funeral big boy. . ."



EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHY BY LORD EVEREST